

SONNET _ X I V*



([HEN him controlling, that he left
 undone, Her eyes' bright circle thus did
 answer make; " Rest's mist, with silver cloud,
 had closed her sun. Nor could he draw them,
 till she were awake." " Why then," quoth I, "
 were not these leaves' dark shade Upon her
 cheeks, depainted, as you see them ? " ⁴⁴ Shape
 of a shadow cannot well be made ' " Was
 answered "for shade's shadows, none can eye
 them !" This reason proves sure argument for
 me, That my griefs image, I can not set out;
 Which might with lively colours blazed be.
 Wherefore since nought can bring the means
 about, That thou, my sorrow's cause, should
 view throughout; Thou wilt not pity me !
 But this was it! ZEUXIS had neither skill, nor
 colours fit.

- SONNET XV.



JjHERE, or to whom, then, shall I make
 complaint ? By guileful wiles, of mine heart's
 guide deprived! With right's injustice, and
 unkind constraint: Barred from her loves,
 which my deserts achieved! This though thou
 sought to choke, far more revived Within
 mine restless heart, left almost senseless. O,
 make exchange ! Surrender thine, for
 mine ! Lest that my body, void of guide, be
 fenceless. So shalt thou pawn to me, sign for
 a sign Of thy sweet conscience ; when I shall
 resign Thy love's large Charter, and thy
 Bonds again. O, but I fear mine hopes be
 void, or menceless ! No course is left, which
 might thy loves attain, Whether with sighs I
 sue, or tears complain I